

WALKING AROUND FEELING I DON'T REALLY BELONG HERE

when a man asks
what is this
water do you
know he wants to
write it on the
back of his
hand seine
he asks would
you spell it
so i can send
it to someone
in syria

SNOW, PACIFIC GROVE

Do you want to make
some snow balls

No, I want to make
the whole man

NEW HAMPSHIRE

white
birch light

willow
buds last

years leaves

green comes
moves slow

toward the
desk starts

in the
branches a

bird comes
into bending

this poem

BONNIE, BONNIE

black at the roots
trying to sing a
glad song gin

and tonic afternoons
her daughter falls
in a pool of water

her son doesn't
understand the men
moaning in his
father's pillows

phones haunt her
if her husband would
only get deaf faster

eye lashes glued on
top of her own for
thirty dollars

she opens fat thighs
to anyone and knows
that nothing anyone
can touch about her
is real

YOUR EYE'S LIKE A CAT'S,
LIKE CLEAR GREEN MARBLES

rain in the
elms dripping

brandy in 1
cup of spearmint

tea thursday
thursday making

love thru stretch
nylon panties

-- Lyn Lifshin

Niskayuna NY